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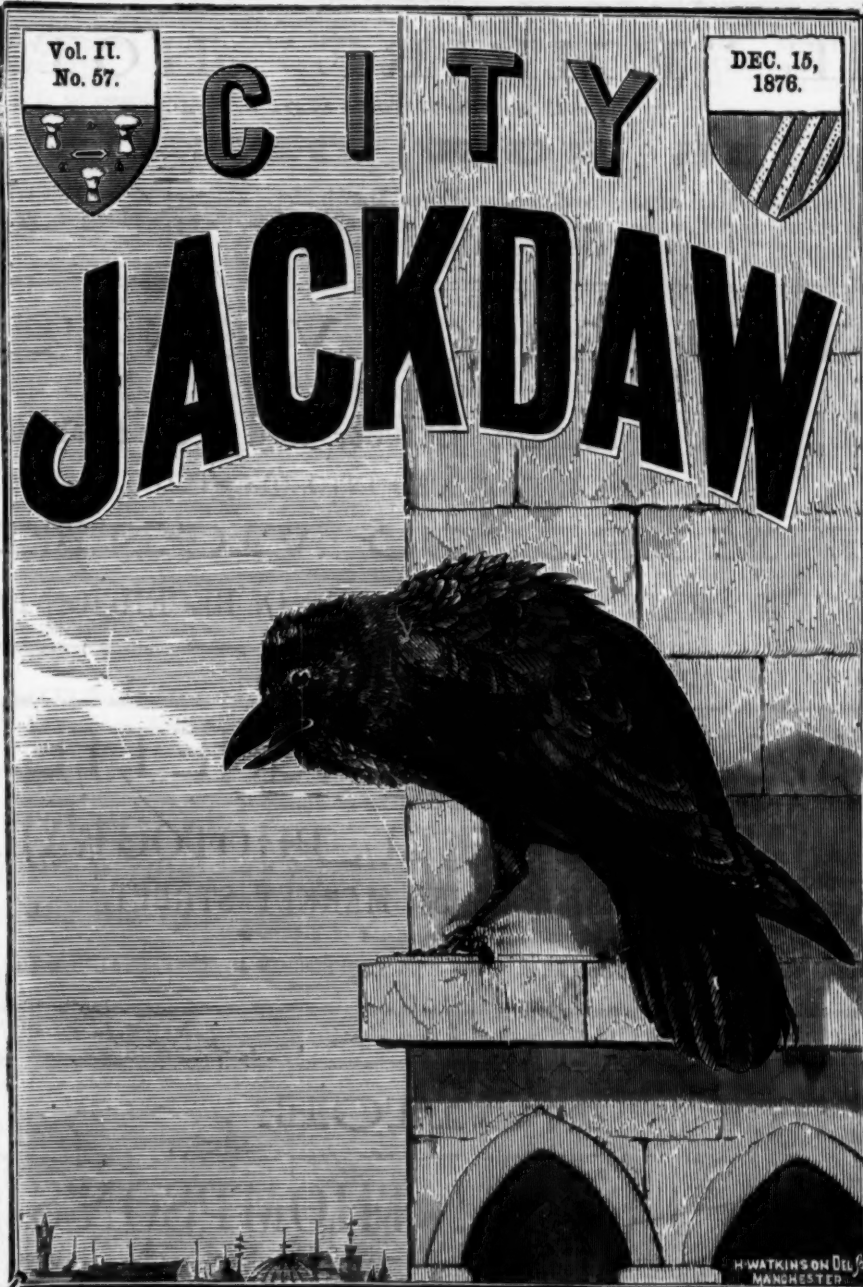
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This company is formed for the purpose of purchasing and working the colliery known as the Barley Brook Colliery (late W. J. Darbyshire and Son), immediately adjoining the collieries of Messrs. Rylands and Sons Limited, covering an area of 112 acres, together with the whole of the valuable machinery and working plant and appliances of the same—the latter of which alone is valued at £6,500. The colliery possesses unusually favourable transit facilities, being situate within about 500 yards of the Wigan Station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, and connected therewith by a siding and tramway from the pit bank, and also connected with the Leeds and Liverpool Canal by a tramway and wharf. The mines are in thorough working order, and 400 tons per week are being raised, and with a small outlay, as suggested in the Mining Engineer's report, they will be capable of yielding upwards of 1,000 tons per week, without additional winding power or plant. The total thickness of coal and cannel over the whole area of the property is 8ft., and it is computed to contain 1,221,960 tons, the whole of which can be worked from the shafts now in operation. The quality of both cannel and coal is well known, and they find a ready market. Contracts have been entered into for a lengthened period for the supply of cannel at very remunerative prices, of which the company will derive the full benefit. One of the contracts is with a gas company for cannel at the rate of 19s. per ton at the pit bank. The cost of getting, including wages, royalties, wear and tear, and loading in wagons, does not exceed 5s. per ton. The present selling prices in the district are as follows:—Cannel, 19s.; king coal, 9s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; Wigan 5ft., 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; and on the cost of getting before stated will show a very handsome profit, and will make this colliery one of the most remunerative in the Wigan district, and after allowing for all reasonable contingencies, the undertaking may be fairly expected to yield annual dividends of 20 per cent at least. The mines are peculiarly free from water, also from gas, naked lights only being used. The plant is unusually copious and good, comprising every requisite for a colliery yielding 1,000 tons per week. The agreement, together with the articles of association, may be seen at the offices of the solicitor to the company; the articles of association may also be seen, and prospectuses, together with the report of Mr. William Beswicke, mining engineer, of Rochdale, may be obtained at the offices of the company, Queen's Chambers, John Dalton-street, Manchester.

THE SHARE LIST WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, THE 16th INSTANT.

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Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 8d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

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ESTABLISHED 1810.

**EASE, Comfort, Cleanliness, Adaptation to Form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy are all attained to perfection in the "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.**

Which is confidently recommended as the best Spring Mattress before the public. It is made to fit any size of wood or iron bedstead, and constitutes a wonderfully elastic and comfortable bed, perfectly noiseless in all its movements; it is extremely simple, and does not get out of order, nor does it corrode; is very durable, and combines great strength with lightness and elegance; is easily repaired by any person, articles needed can be sent through the post. The principle of construction prevents depression in the centre, and insures complete isolation where two occupy a bed. Only a thin hair mattress being necessary, feather beds, omnibus straw and flock palliasses are dispensed with; cost of bedding is much reduced, and bed-making becomes far less laborious; sweetness and purity—conditions so essential to health—result from the change. From a sanitary point of view its advantages are obvious and undeniable, and have led to its being largely used in infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums. Made as a camp bed it is peculiarly applicable for use as an additional bed in sick rooms, instead of a couch during convalescence, and as an occasional bed for visitors; the legs being folded under and the head-board removed, it takes up little room when stowed away. Circulars and price lists sent. Retail from cabinet makers and furnisiers; wholesale from

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Established Twenty-two Years.—Under New Management.  
303, OXFORD ROAD, opposite Owens College.

**F. RAWCLIFFE** (late William Marshall),  
GENERAL & FURNISHING IRONMONGER,  
AUTHORISED GASFITTER, LOCKSMITH, BELLHANGER.  
Efficient workmen always ready.  
REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
A trial solicited.

**C. HALL,**  
Cigar Manufacturer and Importer,

Office—44, BRIDGE STREET.  
C. H. is now manufacturing a speciality for Christmas presentation, and will be glad to see all his customers on the 22nd December, when he will have great pleasure in presenting each with a box of the above.

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JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

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Rounds, Ribs, and	9d.	Legs and Loins	9d.
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**CLOTH BANNERS, with PAPER LETTERS,**  
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FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,

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OPEN EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN. Brilliant Success of the Charming Old English Legend and Fairy Story, entitled  
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Pceeded and followed by Cooke's Celebrated Equestrian Troupe.

Little Red Riding Hood at every representation. Grand Military Night, to-night, Friday, December 15th, under the distinguished patronage of Lieut.-Col. Alexander, and Officers of the First King's Dragoon Guards. Monday, December 18th, Engagement Extraordinary of the Classical Wonders, Van de Velde and Levon.

Grand Illuminated Day Performances every Tuesday and Saturday (doors open at Two, commence at half-past), with additional ones during the holidays, of which due notice will be given.

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**MANCHESTER CHURCH COMMITTEE.**

**THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF LECTURES**

Under the auspices of the above Committee

*Will be Delivered on TUESDAY, December 19th, 1876, in the TOWN HALL, King Street,*

**BY THE REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL, F.R.S.L.,**  
 Rector of St. George's, Botolph, London,

Author of "The Reformation in England," "Mr. Gladstone and Oxford," "Science and Prayer," "Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism," &c.

*Subject: "The Future of the Christian Populations of Turkey."*

**CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT EIGHT O'CLOCK BY J. T. HIBBERT, ESQ., J.P.**

Admission by ticket only—platform 2s., reserved seats 1s., unreserved free. Season Tickets, admitting to 10 Central and to 10 Local Lectures, can now be obtained, platform 7s. 6d., reserved seats 5s.

Church Committee Offices, 19, Mount Street, Manchester.

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**LONDON AND MANCHESTER.**

Sleeping carriages are attached to the 9 15 p.m. train Euston to Manchester, and the 10 55 p.m. Manchester to Euston; and berths in them can be secured in advance by letter or telegram, addressed to Mr. Rich, Station Master, Euston, for the down journey, and Mr. Mason, Station Master, London Road, for the up journey.

The charge will be five shillings in addition to the ordinary first-class fare.

Gentlemen using the above can, on taking their places in the train, tell the guard at what time in the morning they wish to be called.

Lavatories are provided at Euston and London Road Stations.

Breakfasts can be obtained in the dining-room on the departure platform, Euston, after 8 30 a.m., and at any previous time after 4 30 a.m., at the refreshment-bar in the hall. At Manchester, breakfast can be obtained in the refreshment-room at any time after 7 30 a.m.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, November, 1876.

**G. FINDLAY.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 57.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**W**E live and learn. The Bishop of Manchester has been proclaimed infallible. This, at least, is the apparent purport of a letter, signed "An Indignant Trustee," which appears in Monday's *Guardian*. "An Indignant Trustee," writing behind a *nom de plume*, rates Mr. Alderman King for assuming a protectorate over the trustees, for pushing his interference to the verge of impertinence, and so forth, and all because Mr. King ventured openly to write a letter to the newspapers, suggesting that the trustees should be cautious in signing a paper which was then being canvassed about, calling for a review of the proceedings of the meeting held last week at the Town Hall. The writer imports into Mr. Alderman King's letter an insinuation which the original did not contain, of want of good faith on the part of those who were hawking about the memorial. All that Mr. King did was to remind the trustees that there were two sides to this question, and asked them not to be influenced by statements which, being made by partisans, necessarily represented one side only. The "Indignant Trustee" begs Mr. Alderman King to note that the Bishop's connection with the memorial is a sufficient guarantee of the good faith of those who are acting with him in the matter. Quite so. But it is no guarantee that those who are acting with his lordship may not make partisan representations. The Bishop himself makes party representations nearly every day he speaks, being probably somewhere near 336 days in leap year. Nor does it furnish any guarantee that the Bishop's partisans are in the right, and are not to be challenged. "An Indignant Trustee's" indignation appears to have carried him so far that he has lost his head. For our own part, we should as readily pin our faith to the immaculate conception of Mr. W. Rayner Wood as to the infallibility of the Bishop of Manchester.

In writing of Infirmary matters, we very gladly correct a blunder into which we fell last week in criticising Mr. Fox Turner's speech at the Town Council meeting. We assumed, too hastily as it seems, that Mr. Turner's reference to the absence of Dissenting ministers from the management of the Infirmary related to the weekly board, of which we pointed out all trustees (trusteeship being constituted by subscription) are entitled to be members. We now learn that his reference—a most just one—was to the inner circle, or "swell clique," as he described it, known as deputy-treasurers. This body is practically self-elective, and whilst it includes a large representation of the Cathedral clergy, it is quite true that the attempt to nominate upon it a Dissenting minister like Dr. McKerrow, or Mr. Alexander Thomson, or Mr. McLaren would be highly resented. The Cathedral clergy are represented among the deputy-treasurers by the Bishop, the Dean, and Canon Gibson. The point of Mr. Turner's remarks is illustrated by the fact that a decision on the prayer of the memorial presented this week has been transferred from the weekly board, which is the popular body, to the deputy-treasurers, who are the fashionable and clerical clique.

"We never knowingly decide bets," is, or used to be, a frequent answer to correspondents in the columns of our daily contemporaries. Ought a public institution, managed by a clerical and fashionable clique, to be less scrupulous than a daily newspaper, and accept without scruple the illicit gains made in wagering? In turning over the Infirmary report and accounts for last year, we find an acknowledgment of a donation of £1, which has found its way into the Infirmary coffers as the result of a bet—we beg pardon, it is acknowledged in the accounts as "A friendly dispute," per Mr. Ashworth."

The warfare respecting Mr. Freeman's lecture at the Athenæum still waxes furious. It now appears conclusively proved that Mr. Stutter, who has on previous occasions appeared petrel-like when political and religious waters were troubled, has been the source of all the mischief that has been brewed. When Mr. Freeman suggested that as the Athenæum was

a literary and non-political club, it might be well that he should speak under more reserve; Mr. Stutter, writing as secretary of the particular society which engaged the lecturer, replied that he "might say pretty much what he pleased." It is an unfortunate and unpleasant thing for Mr. Stutter that he cannot produce the correspondence which passed between him and Mr. Freeman, but he admits that Mr. Freeman's account is substantially correct. If this be so, Mr. Stutter, being the real author of all the mischief that has taken place, has acted strangely in letting innocent men bear the brunt of the attack that has been made upon the directorate of the Athenæum. A little more candour is expected at the lips of English gentlemen who hold responsible office.

The pertinacity with which the Freeman lecture controversy has been kept up long after the public interest in it has ceased, proves one of two things—either that the attendance on lecture and debating societies creates loquacity and *cacoethes scribendi* to an extent that threatens to prove a public nuisance, or that there may be some party end to serve in keeping up the agitation. The annual meeting of the Athenæum will shortly be held, and it may be that an election-cry will be found useful against directors or officials who may not be fervent admirers of the *Courier*. A junior Conservative club is being established. A "cave" at the Athenæum, however insignificant and contemptible in itself, might supply the new political venture with the nucleus of a membership to start with.

Some people complain that they receive undue attention from the Jews. *Per contra*, some Jews are dissatisfied because they receive too much attention from other people. The Manchester Jews have been especially prominent in the newspapers this week. First of all, a Jew, Mr. Henry Samson, has been made a city magistrate. It is understood that the Manchester Jews submitted two names to the Home Secretary, but one was taken and the other left. Still, if not J.P., may not the Disappointed. One write S.P. after his name—which, being translated, means Philanthropist in Spectacles? The *Courier* takes great credit to the Tory Government that it has made a Jew J.P., but it is not so wonderful that a Conservative Home Secretary should do a good turn for a political partisan, and we do not forget that Mr. Samson was one of the four Jews whom Mr. J. W. Maclure personally conveyed to the polling-booths and polled for Mr. Powell in February last. Nor is the plum, dropped by Mr. Disraeli into the mouth of the Rothschilds, lost to sight of the tax-payers, while its memory remains dear. In the next place, the annual meeting of the Manchester Jew's School—one of the most useful public institutions in Manchester, though essentially sectarian—was held on Sunday. In the third place, a demonstration in favour of the Conversion of the Jews has been made in Rusholme Road; and last, but not least, Dr. McKerrow's Jewbilee will be celebrated next week.

We have often wondered that people who "want to know" should not consult books for themselves, instead of asking for second-hand information from editors of newspapers. The extract beneath is taken from last Saturday's *Guardian* :—

*Hyde Road.*—Copper coin is only legal tender to the amount of sixpence. He was therefore entitled to refuse the payment you tendered.

Briefly as this piece of information is put, it contains two egregious errors. Reference to any common source of information, except a newspaper editor, would have informed the correspondent that copper coin is not a legal tender at all. Copper coin was rendered an illegal tender some years ago by an order in council. The second error is one that any book on coinage will correct. Bronze coins (*i.e.*, halfpennies and pennies) are a legal tender to the amount of a shilling. If, as is probable, there was a bet pending on this question, a nice little squabble will arise in the neighbourhood of "Hyde Road."

The first prize in the Christmas billiard handicap at the Pendleton Liberal Club is to be a Ham. It is suggested that the second should be Shem, with Japhet for a consolation prize.

**TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN**, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

## BRUSH-MAKING IN GAOL.

THE brush-makers of Salford—that is to say, the professional brush-makers—have got a grievance in common with those in many other parts of the country—namely, the evil effect on their trade of prison industry. They say that so many brushes are made in gaol now that brushes threaten to become a drug in the market, and that the trade is in danger of being paralysed. They are getting up agitations about this, and petitioning members of parliament about it; but, after all, what can be done in the matter? It is hardly to be expected that a return will be voted to the useless old treadmill, crank, or stone-rolling systems, nor are there many trades at which prisoners can be made advantageously to work. This seems to us to be a somewhat selfish cry which the brush-makers are raising, and to savour to a certain extent of claptrap as well. It is very much to be doubted whether the danger be not a merely apparent one. Threatened hitches of this kind in the connection between supply and demand are generally found to settle themselves, and at all events the question is hardly big enough to be made a parliamentary one as proposed. The number of persons, too, throughout the kingdom who are occupied in this trade is so small that the ranks of any other to which they might in despair betake themselves would be ample to receive them without overcrowding, and then the prisoners would have the brush trade all to themselves. The whole affair, however, is so petty, except as a sign of the times, that it is hardly worth attention.

## FIRE AND PANIC IN THEATRES.

PEOPLE will say that our local theatres are built, and that being as they are, those who frequent them must take the risk. There is something in this, and it is hardly too much to say that nothing short of practical rebuilding would serve as an adequate precaution against such a dreadful calamity as that which recently happened at the Brooklyn theatre in America. Still the subject is an interesting one, because in the first place it is pretty clear that in case of an alarm in a theatre which does not possess sufficient means of egress, the audience, so to speak, hold their lives in their own hands. It will perhaps be said that such talk as this is useless, that people lose their wits altogether when in a crowd, and that a mob is an awful unthinking mass. This may be so, and all recorded facts warrant the theory, but still a larger exercise of common-sense, and a cultivation of presence of mind, are things not to be sneezed at. It would be too much, too, to ask all playgoers to go to the theatre with the anticipation of fire and disaster on their minds. This would spoil all enjoyment of the play, especially if the individuals were aware how fearfully near the danger often is. It is hardly necessary to point out again how great is the danger from fire at all theatres, especially in the season which is now coming on. A transformation scene in a pantomime is not worked without much apprehension behind the scenes, and many anxious forebodings and precautions. The *matériel* of the theatre is, it is needless to say, very inflammable, and the danger is of course proportionate. Little of this conveys itself to the senses of the audience, who are in a blissful state of ignorance about the risks they are running, from which it would be folly to awaken them. As little do the public seem to care about the means of egress from a place of amusement so long as they are able to fight their way into a seat through a crowd more or less dense. The means of egress from our local theatres would indeed be in a lamentable state of insufficiency if the occasion for a wild rush out were ever to come. Something, we think, might be done to partly remedy the evil, and in view of the terrible calamities which now and then occur, whatever can be done ought to be done. In some other towns in the kingdom we see that the authorities are seriously taking this matter in hand, much to the comfort and security of the public, and little to the damage of the theatrical lessees or owners. One thing which has long ago called for authoritative correction has been the overcrowding which

is permitted in our theatres on occasions, this being often aggravated by the blocking up of the gangway and passages with chairs and stools—a fatal obstacle even to a person who wishes to go out for refreshment between the acts. We do not know whether there exists in Manchester any authority whose duty it is to consider the matter to which we have alluded; but it seems no more than the plain duty of any journal which occupies itself with theatrical doings to raise its voice on a subject in connection with which a dreadful catastrophe may at any moment happen.

## BALD-HEADED BROWN.

WHAT is the matter with Mister Brown?  
Why does he wander about the town,  
Gazing in all the confectioners' shops,  
Wildly regarding the bottles of drops?  
Loves he "toffy" of wide renown?  
And not possessing the requisite "brown,"  
Is he content to regale his eyes  
With a furtive glimpse of the hopeless prize?

Gentle reader, it is not so—  
Brown is a middle-aged man, you know;  
The days of his sugary tastes are fled,  
His palate is not so soft as his head.

This is the matter with Mister Brown,  
This is the reason he roams the town,  
Searching in all the confectioners' shops,  
Keenly inspecting the bottles of drops.

Once to his wondering eyes appeared  
An aged man with a revered beard,  
Who said, in mystical tones says he,  
"Middle-aged Brown, attend to me.

"Yours is a bald and hairless crown,  
Would'st have it otherwise, sorrowful Brown?  
Say if you wouldn't, say if you would;"  
Says sorrowful Brown, "I would if I could.

"I've tried," says he, "full many a wash"  
(That mystical stranger muttered, "Boosh!")  
Says Brown, "I never will try 'em again,  
I firmly believe they affect the brain."

Says the other, "I wouldn't if I were you,  
Your years are many, your hairs are few;  
But if you would have it the other way,  
Listen to what I am going to say.

"Here's my promise to you," says he,  
"If you will only bring to me  
A circular bull's-eye perfectly square,  
I'll insure you a beautiful crop of hair."

And Brown has roamed with a hopeless heart,  
Searching the town through every part;  
He's wandered about for many a day,  
Till at length he's pining away.

He finds, with regard to the bull's-eyes there,  
That the cornery ones are always square;  
And then, on the other hand, he's found  
That the circular ones are always round.

And while he is mooning his time away,  
His hairs grow scantier every day;  
I feel exceedingly sorry for Brown  
Whenever I meet him about the town.

## OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. VI.

THE subjoined ballad will explain itself. If it won't, I can't help it. Let the readers bully the man who wrote it originally, and not come and howl round my modest but miserable dwelling. I will not be bullied by a hollow and unfeeling world, or any longer by the "MAN" (that's a tolerably good expression of contempt, I fancy) who edits this periodical, and who last week put the climax to his insults and injuries by suppressing two of the verses of the elegant pastoral which I had elucidated with so much labour. Suppressed them! actually, and for a reason which is too



trivial for me to name. But why should I go on talking to a miserly public, which is unable and unwilling to understand me? Miserly, I say, for not a red cent has been forwarded in response to my appeal of last week. Only Mr. Charley, M.P., has written to say that he would gladly contribute half his worldly goods towards the fund for acclimatising crocodiles, if he were sure that one of them would eat me! And this to a man who in more appreciative times would have been able to write himself down F.S.A., if not also A.S.S.!

THIS is a song of a funny old beak,  
Greatly renowned and admired for his cheek,  
And for the curious antics he played,  
While he pursued a police magistrate's trade.

Mantell his name—and a knight, too, was he—  
Ominous name to a man on the spree;  
Take a poor devil chock full of October,  
Whisper this name, and you'd frighten him sober.

In Salford he played constitutional angel,  
Guarded our rights, and proclaimed this evangel—  
"The best way to cure every evil at once,  
Is to give every man who's no money three months."

Such was this beak's very brilliant idea—  
His one, universal, and best panacea  
For putting a stop to such terrible crimes  
As wandering homeless, bewailing hard times.

If some desperado, with nowhere to go,  
Slept in a box to keep out of the snow,  
"Ah!" said Sir John, "I must stop this at once;  
No home and no cash? then I give you three months."

Public opinion might fall like a hammer;  
"Pshaw!" sneered Sir John, "this is popular clamour,  
Every man who objects is a fool and a dunce,  
Let him come before me, and I'll give him three months."

Nor did he show any sign of repentance  
When Cross intermeddled, and quashed his just sentence;  
With contemptuous air he from comment abstains,  
Though he thinks Mr. Cross is an ass for his pains.

He bullied the witnesses, made 'em all tremble,  
Made even burly inspectors dissemble;  
Once tried the clerk of the town on this tack,  
But the clerk wouldn't stand it, and bullied him back.

And even when dying he could not refrain  
From playing his ancient part over again;  
Doctors and nurses, and even a neighbour,  
Were sentenced by him to three months with hard labour.

Go to the police court in Salford, at night,  
There you will see a most singular sight—  
Old Sir John Mantell—with Justice's sabre—  
Sentencing ghosts to three months with hard labour.

#### PROPOSED CITY IMPROVEMENT.

**M**R. ALDERMAN WILLERT and Dr. F. R. Ainsworth, as representing the directors of the Manchester Exchange, called the other day at our office, and after depositing respectively a red camelia and a rare sprig of variegated pitcher plant at the shrine of the *Jackdaw*, they proceeded to lay before the Editor a scheme of city improvement which they considered would commend itself to our attention.

Mr. Alderman Willert (we translate his observations) represented that on Friday afternoon he was walking along Newmarket Lane towards the Stock Exchange Restaurant, where he had appointed to meet the Town Clerk at a tripe supper, when he was encountered on the doorsteps by his friend Dr. Ainsworth, who was wiping a drop of Yorkshire steak-pudding from a beard that was glossier than usual, with the corner of a red and yellow silk pocket handkerchief, when the Florist-Antiquarian, addressing him in the most classic Chethamese, exclaimed:—

"Azaleas and Buttercups, Willert, what is this we see? Is it boxing-night, and this the fairy transformation scene? Why, the Exchange looks magnificent. Never saw it to such advantage before."

On looking round, Mr. Willert reports, he observed that the Old Stamp-office buildings, partially destroyed by fire a few months ago, had been razed, and there was a clear view across the open site towards the Bank Street and Cross Street angle and the fine portico of the Exchange. He was at once struck with the great improvement which would be effected if the site should remain for ever open, and be made a paved Place after the manner of the old German towns, or laid out with conservatories filled with rare orchids, and perhaps a camelia-house. Finding that his friend cordially agreed with him that the improvement would be of immense public advantage, and would do no harm to the revenues of the Exchange since it would increase the letting value of the shops, they had come together to ask the powerful aid of the *Jackdaw* in their enterprise.

The *Jackdaw* rebuked the two youthful gardeners for a double breach of etiquette. In the first place they had entered his sanctum without wiping their shoes, and in the second they had not been franked by Sir Joseph Heron. He suggested that they should at once interview the Town Clerk, and obtain his approval of the scheme. It might also be well to engage the Bishop to address a town's meeting on the subject. So far as the *Jackdaw* was concerned, however, it was right to let them know at the beginning that any scheme to saddle the poor of Ancoats with a share of the expense of a public improvement intended to give greater elbow-room to the manufacturers who came to 'Change on Tuesdays and Fridays from Snigbruck and Chowbent, would have its unceasing and implacable hostility. If a subscription were opened to carry out the improvement by voluntary effort they might head the list with a handsome sum in cyphers from the editor of the *Jackdaw*, payable when the improvement was effected. But the practical advice with which the wise bird summed up was that the directors of the Exchange should acquire the site, and utilise it as an *al fresco* Mart in the summer months; as a *locus penitentie* for frequenters of the Exchange who did not pay their subscriptions, and were liable to be had up for trespass. The *Jackdaw* sternly refused to stand his visitors refreshments, and they went down stairs swearing in a mixture of High Dutch and Old Black-letter English.

The *Jackdaw* has since had a pleasant interview with a deputation from the proprietors of the *Examiner and Times*, who suggest that if the *Guardian* and *Evening News* offices were transplanted to the other side of the Irwell, and the site upon which they now stand pied with daisies, a very desirable public improvement would be effected. At present they complained that their young men, being afraid to walk under the lee of these unprotected and semi-attached buildings while carrying anything so precious as notes of the Bishop's sermons in their pockets, were obliged to make dangerous *detours*—skirting the Thatched House on the right and the Stock Exchange on the left—which were not favourable to the early delivery of copy to the printers. The *Jackdaw* recommended that the deputation should interview his good friend Mr. William Evans upon the subject.

The *Jackdaw* itself begs to suggest a notable improvement, to be carried out at the expense of the ratepayers, which will at once commend itself to every reader, viz.:—That a covered corridor may be laid from the Chetham Library to the New Town Hall, for the convenience, in the first instance, of Mr. Alderman Baker, Mr. Councillor Croston, and the Editor of the *Jackdaw*. The proposed route would be by the Cathedral Vaults, the basement of the *Jackdaw* office, Mrs. Sailes's Restaurant, the King's Arms, Beresford's, and the Town Hall in King Street. The sides of this underground corridor might be utilised as wine cellars, to which the Bishop, the Dean, the Town Clerk, and the Hypochondriac should each be furnished with a private key. In connection with this plan, a system of pneumatic tubes, worked by the *Jackdaw's* own devil, would greatly facilitate the conveyance of copy from the Cathedral and the public offices to the *Jackdaw* office.—N.B. Contributions from the City Treasurer's department will always be thankfully received.—P.S.S. We generally prefer notes.

**LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.

# JACKDAW



## AMUSEMENTS.

**PRINCE'S THEATRE.**—Every Evening, GRAND PANTOMIME, "SINDBAD."

**THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.**  
Proprietors....The Theatre Royal Company, Manchester, Limited.

Secretary.....Mr. John Duffield. Manager.....Mr. Sidney.

On SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 23, BOXING NIGHT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26,  
and every evening until further notice, will be produced the

### GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

ENTITLED

### ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY;

Or WICKED KING CRAB AND GOOD FAIRY CORAL FROM UNDER THE SEA.

WRITTEN BY F. C. BURNAND, ESQ.

The plot arranged by, and the whole produced under, the personal direction of Mr. SIDNEY, supported by the following powerful company, Miss Rose Lee, Miss Amalia, the Sisters Lillian and Daisy Ramsden, Miss Louise Creevy, Miss Laura Fay, Miss Alice Grey, Miss Nellie Claremont, Miss Katie Nott, &c., Mr. John Wainwright, Mr. Henry D. Burton, Mr. T. F. Doyle, Mr. Frank Barsby, Messrs. James, Stevens, &c., &c.

PREMIERE DANSEUSE ABSOLUTA.—MADAME BETTY RIGL.

Premiere Danseuses, Miss Julietta Price, Miss Georgie Wright, Miss Annie Mortimer, Miss Fanny Brock, and a charming Corps de Ballet. The World-Renowned MAJILTONS in their celebrated Acte Fantastique! The harlequinade supported by the Martinelle Family. The incidental music by Mr. F. Wallerstein.

The magnificent scenery by C. FOX, Junr., and W. B. SPONG. The COSTUMES by M. and Mme Alias, (designed by Faustin) Mrs. May and Mrs. Norman. Properties, by W. M. Mitchell. Machinery, by Mr. F. Charman. The Grand Ballets, by Mons. Jones.

**MACCABE.**—EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT, FREE-TRADE HALL ASSEMBLY ROOM.

FREDERIC MACCABE,

in his original monologue entertainment,

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Interspersed with music, ventriloquism, and special character delineations of the most peculiar and extraordinary individuality ever presented by any single performer.

**MACCABE'S NOVEL SOLO DRAMATIQUE,**

ENTITLED

VANQUISHED VILLANY; OR, VIRTUE VICTORIOUS.

The entire rôle in Maccabe's "Drama of Life" may be said to be rolled into one, thus blending and uniting high and low comedy, opera and ventriloquistic pantomime into one and the same person, a dramatic feat unheard of, almost impossible to believe, and scarcely to be credited by witnessing it.

ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY SATURDAY AT HALF-PAST TWO.  
Reserved seats (registered), 2s.; unreserved, 1s.; balcony, 1s. 6d. Admission, 1s. Ticket office open daily from eleven till four. Doors open at half-past seven.

JOHN F. SUTTON, Business Manager.

**WITHINGTON AND DIDSBURY SKATING RINK.**  
finest in England, will OPEN in the course of This Month. Date in future advertisement.

18, King Street.

G. H. LARMUTH, Secretary.

GERMAN FAIR.  
BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, &c., suitable for PRESENTS, at the GERMAN FAIR.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PENNY TOYS at the GERMAN FAIR,

CHURCH and SCHOOL DECORATIONS, at the GERMAN FAIR, WHAITE'S, BRIDGE STREET.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—"JOSHA'S HAWPNY JOURNAL,"  
A Weekly Magazine. A new and original Lancashire story, entitled "FAMILY LINKS," by Cheawbenter, author of "Betterday meet; or, Josha, thea'rt fuddlet agen;" "Sunday mornin'"; and other Lancashire pieces. May be had of G. Renshaw, Bellhouse Street, all newsagents and street boys. Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the members of the St. Albans Church Working Men's Association have written to the Rev. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, congratulating him on his having been extracted out of the Church of England.

That the instruction of the Conservative Association to their candidate for St. James's Ward was "Go in and Win-sir."

That when the Grammar School boys, at Wednesday's meeting, shouted "Walker," they did not mean that they wished to get rid of the High Master.

That the presentations were unique, in the sense that they were really deserved, and the speakers sincere and truthful in all they said.

That the new Master has a Dill to do before he fills Mr. Walker's place in the hearts of the boys, both old and young.

That the Tyldesley Local Board having had a "jolly do," the Leigh Board, not to be outdone by Tyldesley in anything, propose to have a jolly ditto.

That the Bishop has been holding forth again about dancing and dancing saloons, and in all probability we shall soon hear his opinion of the *Tableaux Vivants*.

The Bishop has given up dancing, because he hasn't the courage to wear Lancashire clogs.

That when he advised the girls to take their mothers with them to the dances, evidently he intends that the fathers should stay at home and mind the children.

That a late guardian of Chorlton Union officially died on the 7th inst., aged two years and nine months, full of experience, and Fuller of himself.

That his said death was suicidal.

That onions have been in great demand in the Withington Workhouse ever since, and that his late colleagues keep up the supply.

That the Master of the Workhouse compassionates the *felo de se*, and offers to inter his remains (if any) in the ground he consecrated, in best Fuller's Earth, free of charge.

That the epitaph to be erected is to have this inscription—"Alas! poor Fuller! *Requiescat in pace!*"

## THE KERNEL OF THE INFIRMARY DISPUTE.

THE Infirmary Removal Question, it seems to the *Jackdaw*, is being fought upon side issues.

It is desirable for the success of the Medical School that the Infirmary should be placed in its immediate vicinity. Good.

It is desirable for the public health that an open space should be maintained at Piccadilly as a lung to an overcrowded city. Also good.

Argal, the Public Health and the Advantage of Owens College being pitted against each other, the two considerations neutralise each other. *Status quo ante*.

(Q.) Meantime for whose benefit was the Infirmary founded, and for what purpose has it been maintained?

(A.) For the relief of the sick poor, and the cure of the wounded overtaken by accident.

If you take Piccadilly as a centre, and draw a line round it at a two-mile distance, you include a population of half a million, accessible in every direction by main thoroughfares.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



If you take the selected spot at Rusholme as a centre, and draw round it a similar circle, the population included will not exceed 100,000, and patients from the remaining 400,000 of the half million must be carried within a stone's throw of Piccadilly before they begin the extra two miles' jolting to the proposed site.

Accidents happen in the busily frequented streets in the centre of the city—very few on the Cheshire side of the Rusholme Town Hall.

If an accident should happen at a public meeting or a place of amusement in Manchester, like that of unfortunate memory at Ben Lang's, would the injured benefit more by a half-hour's cab-ride to Rusholme, or immediate treatment at a central hospital?

Mills, mines, and railways are the great factors of accident. How many such are in Rusholme?

Overcrowding, stinks, and poverty are the causes of disease. Where do they most prevail, in Ancoats or Rusholme?

*Per Contra.*—The Old Infirmary is rotten, and its walls sweat with disease-germs. The site it occupies is extremely valuable.

The *Jackdaw* proposes, as a question for the Trustees, whether the fundamental objects of the Hospital—the efficient and speedy treatment of Manchester, Salford, and South Lancashire sick and wounded—would not be best served by a new building on the true centre of Manchester—the corner of Oldham Road and Ancoats—where cheap sites could be got, and the erection of a new building would displace some of the most wretched dwelling-house property in Lancashire.

### MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

COME hither, child, this pig to view,  
Which grunts within yon sty;  
A lesson it will teach to you,  
If you will but draw nigh.  
That pig to come and talk to you  
Does not possess the wit,  
It lies and grunts the whole day through,  
So you must go to it.  
How would you like to be a pig,  
And wallow in the mire?  
You would? My dear, when you are big  
Such things you won't desire.  
In wishing thus you're talking bosh,  
As heedless children will;  
How would you like to feed on wash,  
And turnip rinds, and swill?  
You would? My dear, the pigs—or swine—  
Perhaps enjoy that feast;  
I did not think a child of mine  
Would wish to be a beast.  
You do? You are a heedless thing;  
What are your thoughts about?  
How would you like to have a ring  
Inserted in your snout?  
You would? You would? I thought you would,  
You little tiresome brat!  
You'll never come to any good,  
You little wretch—take that!

### THE BISHOP ON "TAKE YOUR MOTHER WITH YOU."

SCENE I.—*The Rectory at St. James's, Collyhurst. The Bishop and the Rev. Mr. KEELING (the rector) in conversation.*

*The Bishop.* Yes, this is a pretty good glass of wine.

*Mr. Keeling.* I think it is. Though I am a teetotaler myself, I always keep good stuff for my friends.

*The Bishop.* Well, have you got any strong subject for me to touch upon to-night? The last time I was here you told me about your churchwardens and congregation calling in at the public-house as they were going home from church.

*Mr. Keeling.* I did, my lord; and your lordship gave them it hot accordingly, so hot that you excommunicated a most distinguished publican, who lives in Rochdale Road.

*The Bishop.* Ah, I remember his putting on his coat, shaking his fists at me, and going out of the church. I hope he's thought better of it since.

*Mr. Keeling.* Oh, he's the most pious man in the congregation now, gives half of his worldly goods to the poor, and keeps his house closed on Sunday. The only thing for which I now object to Whisker is that he will go to the barber's on Sunday morning just before church time.

*The Bishop.* Well, what's your grievance now?

*Mr. Keeling.* Oh, we suffer frightfully through the young folks going to dances, and such like.

*The Bishop.* But why don't they take their mothers with them?

*Mr. Keeling.* Mothers! Why, the mothers are the worst; they'll dance for ever.

*The Bishop.* You alarm me!

*Mr. Keeling.* It's the truth I'm telling you. All our churchwardens, and their wives, and congregations are going mad over dancing.

*The Bishop.* Well, I used to dance myself when I was young, and I don't think dancing is a damning sin.

*Mr. Keeling* [executing something like a waltz]. My lord!

*The Bishop.* Ah, that's many years ago, when with my arm round the taper waist of—[*Sotto voce.* Ah, Arabella!—but I'll not pursue the topic further at present. I see my way to saying something which, at any rate, they'll be bound to put in the newspapers. By the way, I'll just take another glass of wine, and think over the text of my sermon.

SCENE II.—*St. James's Church, Collyhurst. Congregation assembled, prepared for Bishop's sermon.*

*The Bishop.* My text is, "And he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and lo! it brought forth wild grapes."

*Mr. Keeling* [to a member of his family]. I am afraid that wine of Gilbey's has not agreed with his lordship.

*The Bishop.* I am told by Mr. Keeling, your rector, that the main temptations are the dancing and music saloons. Young women are tempted by young men of the same age to accompany them to places of that kind, and you all know the free-and-easy terms upon which entertainments of that kind are conducted. I know that in my own time no mother would allow her child to go to a ball without going with her or sending her with some one to accompany her, but now mothers let their young girls go with young men of the same age to these places, and come home—perhaps they did not care how they came home—and then they were surprised some day to find their girls come and tell them a piteous story of sin and shame.

*Factory Lass* [*sotto voce* to her neighbour]. Lawks a mercy, how the Bishop do go on! What can a bishop know of dancing-saloons? Among the haristocracy mothers go with their lasses to balls, and, of course, keep them from harm.

*Second Factory Lass.* Eh, lass, and nobody ever hears of the divorce court, and the doings of the upper classes. Why doesn't the Bishop tell 'em a bit of his mind?

*First Factory Lass.* Bishop knows now't about it; he doesn't read *Reynolds's Paper*.

*The Bishop.* I am not one of those ascetics who say that dancing is a damning sin. I danced myself when I was young. I am not going to say then that dancing is a damning sin, or that music-saloons may not be places of lawful entertainment.

*First Factory Lass.* God bless us! what does Bishop want? He says these places may be good.

*Second Factory Lass.* Yes; but, lass, listen!

*The Bishop.* If you go to these dances, take your mothers with you.

*First Factory Lass.* Eh, but the Bishop knows summat about world after all. He's certainly been humbugged by a mother with lasses, or he'd never talk in that way.

Mr. Fox Turner, as everybody knows, is one of the greatest authorities we possess on all questions of interest. This is his latest utterance, writing on the Infirmary question—"I can understand a man inheriting the Kingdom of Heaven who never actually subscribed to a hospital on the pavilion principle in his life." Most people would hardly have thought so, but as it comes from so high an authority on the matter the statement is comforting. Perhaps Mr. Turner will say whether he thinks that a certain city councillor has any chance of going to Heaven or not.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## SHORTHAND AT A PREMIUM.

IF our readers will take the trouble to refer to the *Manchester Guardian* of Wednesday, the 6th instant, they will, on perusing the "Clerks, Assistants, etc., Wanted" column, discover the following advertisement, which we give *verbatim et literatim* :—

**W**ANTED, immediately, a clerk of character and respectability, who must be able to write shorthand for correspondence purposes well. Salary, 25s.—Address J 137, at the printers'.

Who would not be a shorthand writer after reading the above? Only fancy, all ye ardent youths who aspire to a knowledge of the stenographic art, the goal to which eighteen months to two years daily perseverance, and indomitable energy, will lead you! What prospects await you! With what zeal will you press onward to attain proficiency in the art you have already begun to practice, when you read advertisements like the above! What encouragement you should feel to persevere in the path on which you have entered, until you are able to command the magnificent salary of twenty-five shillings per week!

We must express our unmitigated surprise and disgust on perusing advertisements like the above. Is it not a disgrace to humanity to suppose that there are employers who are so thoroughly ignorant as to imagine that any clerk, possessing either character or respectability, could be found to enter their employ for the paltry sum of twenty-five shillings per week? But, on perusing the advertisement a little further, we find that in order to be qualified for this coveted position, the young man "must be able to write shorthand for correspondence purposes well!" The sheer impudence of the advertiser is something alarming. We would ask, is it possible that in the city of Manchester, in this enlightened community, in the nineteenth century, such vampires should be found to exist? Yet here we have a sample of the genus concealing himself under the title of "J 137." Why, in order to acquire a knowledge of shorthand so as to be able to write it with tolerable facility requires eighteen months to two years close study and attention and constant practice, and even then the number who succeed in mastering the art are few and far between. It is simply preposterous for any employer to imagine for a moment that even an efficient ordinary clerk of character and respectability could be obtained for the paltry sum of twenty-five shillings per week, not to speak of one possessing shorthand abilities. Advertisers like "J 137" deserve to be fleeced when they endeavour to obtain, for a paltry remuneration, services which can only be rendered by those whose experience and abilities demand a much higher figure.

## LITERARY NOTES.

**A** COPY of an amateur magazine, printed for private circulation, and containing some pleasant reading, has reached our hands. It is entitled "The Sweep Papers," and our admiration of the wayward eccentricity of the title is increased when we learn that the articles which have been swept together, in the present number at any rate, have been edited "by the Walrus and the Carpenter." In a quotation from "Through the Looking-glass," which speaks of "seven maids, with seven mops," whose inadequacy to the work of sweeping away the sand of the sea is confessed, we have a possible clue to the mystery. The magazine, we understand, is written by some young ladies of Alderley, and is sent by special favour to their bachelor friends, one of whom, unfortunately for their secret, chances to be on our staff. The present number consists of two papers on Daniel Deronda, the second instalment of a rather smart comedy, "The Dulborough Diamonds," a short, practical essay on Memory, and some very fair copies of verses. The magazine is open to some charge of sameness—inevitable, perhaps, from the practice which appears to be adopted of setting a subject for essays, and inviting contributions thereon. Either of the articles on Daniel Deronda would have been very acceptable, and both show a deep knowledge and a deeper interest in regard to affairs of the heart, as well as shrewd literary insight; but two essays on the

same subject are too much of a good thing, and the same remark is likely to hold good of any contributions that may be written respecting Robert Browning, or Jean Ingelow, or the other subjects prescribed for future essays. One "sweeping maiden" discusses with great seriousness the question of Vivisection. A touching sonnet, in memory of one of the contributors who has died in the interval between writing her contribution and its publication in the present number, contains matter too sacred for extract in our pages, and so, as a specimen of the fair workmanship that has furnished us with a pleasant and not unprofitable hour's reading, we quote the following verses on a subject in which lady readers cannot fail to take a deep concern :—

"'Twas only a word soft spoken  
Into a listening ear;  
A single burst of music,  
A holy vow, and dear.

"And the village bells were chiming  
Over the breezy tide,  
And the children were strewing flow'rets  
To welcome their queen—a bride.

"Only in dress of cambrio  
Was clad the maiden fair,  
And a wreath of May's own blossoms  
'Circled her golden hair.

"'Twas not a tale of riches,  
Linking of house or land,  
But two young loves united,  
Pledged in a holier band."

The example of the young ladies of Alderley might very well be considered by their sisters at Bowdon or on the Eccles Old Road.

## THE POETS' MAGAZINE.\*

This new magazine, of which the fifth number is before us, seems to be a very promising adventure. It is devoted solely to poetry, and things connected with poetry, giving short critical essays on poets of the day, which are written with a vigorous hand, and specimens of original poetry, some of which have considerable merit. A little more care might, however, have been expended in the selection, and the waste-paper basket might have advantageously been called into use occasionally, as, for instance, some verses called "Vesper-tide," which begin thus :—

## "VESPER-TIDE.

"I hear the roar of the World,  
As I sit alone with my treasures—  
Rent plumes, torn banners unfurled;  
While the years, brimming cups of pleasures,  
Offer me empty measures.

"Roar then, old greybeard World!  
Rave on in your marts afar;  
But leave me my gold that is hurled  
From the breast of yon virgin star,  
In a seraphim-woven bar."

There are a lot more stanzas of this sort of rubbish, which is hardly worth analysis; but we may remark on the ridiculous figures of a grey-bearded world raving; of gold being hurled from the heart of a star—of a virgin star; of a bar being seraphim-woven, or woven at all, and so on. Stuff like this should hardly be set before an intelligent reader, even though labelled "this is poetry," to prevent mistakes. There are also some weak verses about the Arctic expedition, of which this is a fair example :—

"Far in the regions of the frozen north  
They braved the terrors of the stormy way;  
'Mid Alps of ice they ventured boldly forth  
To front the frost-king in his grim array.

"Of all the daring hearts so firm and brave,  
Who, 'mid the perils of the ice-girt Pole,  
Could face the dangers of the fice-crowned wave,  
The name of Nares must grace the noble roll."

\* The Poets' Magazine, No. 5. A. H. Moxon, 21, Paternoster Row, London.

Nothing very bad or very startling in this; it is simply harmless weakness. Here, however, are some pretty lines taken from a short piece, entitled "Strewn Ashes," by Alfred Harrison:—

"The rustling leaves find measure with the flowing  
Of many waters rushing to their home,  
The clear moon glances downward now, bestowing  
Clusters of jewels on the flecks of foam:  
The river sighs in answer to her lover,  
The branches quiver in each willow tree,  
Look through the night, how soon shall we discover—  
'How soon, O loved one, shall we meet the sea?'"

There is some poetry here, as well as originality, and the versification is musical. On the whole, we can dismiss the Poets' Magazine as a publication above the average.

#### WANTED, A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**W**ISHING to secure the services of a special correspondent who will keep our readers informed with regard to what is going on abroad, diplomatically and otherwise, we publish the subjoined list of requisites for the post:—

The correspondent must at all times be responsible for providing new and startling information.

He must be able to give accurate reports of conversations which never took place.

He must furnish the exact text of documents which have never been made public.

He must be competent to comment upon documents which have never had an existence.

He must be able to see through stone walls.

He must be on intimate terms with all the ambassadors and crowned heads of Europe.

He must have better means of information than the correspondent of any other newspaper.

He must manage at least once a month to get himself arrested as a spy.

If possible, he must be shot. Or, better still, he must expose himself in the front of the battle without getting shot.

He must be able to be in at least four places at once.

He must have the gift of contradicting himself with grace and effect.

He must be very scrupulous to tell the exact truth.

He must have a commanding presence and a strong imagination.

He must never admit that he is in the wrong, unless he finds it necessary to contradict himself.

He must, if necessary, be prepared to write two columns about nothing at all.

He must be able to give the exact details concerning all private interviews between distinguished persons.

He must be able to comment profusely on interviews which have not taken place.

He must be able to contradict all rumours on the highest authority.

He must be able to speak all foreign languages, and write English.

[Applications to be made to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*.]

#### EVENING AMUSEMENTS OF THE WEEK.

**L**EVER as Mr. H. J. Byron undoubtedly is, what he writes is for the most part sad rubbish. The reason for this is not difficult to find, and if Mr. Byron chooses to make himself a mere hack, and writer of pot-boilers, we have no right to find fault with him, though we may protest against the profanation of the stage by the production of his inanities. These remarks have been called forth by the consideration of a play called "Chained to the Oar," in which Mr. and Mrs. Billington have been appearing at the Royal. If Mr. Byron had taken more pains with this play, in the way of elaborating the situations and rendering the plot intelligible, the result would have been a performance to which no adjective would better apply than the word wicked. As it is, the misty plot

and slovenly dialogue do not deserve a much harder epithet than vulgar. The characters in "Chained to the Oar" are presented to us, without exception, as low-lived snobs. The motives from which they are supposed to act are throughout of the most sordid nature, and the only truthful delineations of character in this play are those which elevate sensuality and passion above morality and right feeling. Mr. Byron was evidently writing—if he had any purpose at all—for Cockneys, and for Cockneys of the most outrageous type. Some of his *dramatis personæ* are supposed to be moving in polite society, and these are brought to the same dead level of snobbishness with low adventurers, who are for the nonce elevated to the drawing-room. It is unnecessary to say that in such an unhealthy atmosphere as this Mr. and Mrs. Billington are entirely out of their element, and it is with a positive feeling of pain that one thinks of these two artists as they appear by contrast in "Rough and Ready." We forbear from attempting to describe the plot of "Chained to the Oar," because it is not altogether intelligible, and would in any case be unedifying. The company engaged has been a good one, and worthy of better things. Mr. and Mrs. Billington, of course, made the most of their respective parts, in which, however, there was no room for either pathos or delicacy. Miss Florence Cowell deserves a word of praise for her acting and by-play as Fanny Merriour, and the rest of the company did what people could in a bad cause. The arrangements for the production of the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" are, we understand, progressing in a satisfactory manner, and the engagements made and general preparations are of such a nature as to warrant us in believing that the Royal this year will fully maintain its reputation in this department. To-night a distribution of prizes to volunteers will take place, and Mr. and Mrs. Billington will appear in "Rough and Ready."

The first hint of Christmas comes from the Prince's, which is shut up in preparation for the pantomime of "Sindbad." We understand that a feature of this pantomime will be the introduction of musical selections from some of the latest comic composers in Paris. On Monday the prizes were distributed to the Fifty-sixth Lancashire Volunteers before a distinguished company, after which there was a familiar musical entertainment, varied by the curious performance of "Major Burke, the American lightning drillist." As feats of drill, the manoeuvres of this gentleman did not seem to make much impression on an essentially military audience; but his extraordinary manner of manipulating a heavy rifle, with and without a bayonet, was received with great applause. This performance should be seen, as it cannot be described; and we are glad to notice that Major Burke's name figures for an "interlude" in the pantomime, though interludes are an innovation.

The Queen's has been doing its best with an Irish drama, called "Kathleen Mavourneen," and an adaptation of "Der Freischütz," in both of which pieces Miss Willmott, Mr. W. G. Herwyn, and the stock company have appeared to advantage.

Cooke's Circus is early in the field with a pretty and clever Christmas pantomime, called "Little Red Riding Hood," which ought to please the children mightily. The equestrian pantomime is an old friend which we gladly greet in Manchester.

Mr. Maccabe's entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care!" is in full swing at the Free-trade Hall, and we are glad to notice that the gentleman is doing good business, as he deserves to do. Clever, genial, and amusing, and never coarse, Mr. Maccabe keeps his audience for two hours on the most good terms with himself, and sends them away brimful of reminiscences of an evening spent in harmless fun.

The People's Concert Hall offers a capital programme for this and next week, and special attractions are being sedulously gathered for this cheap, though popular, place of entertainment. Persons who happen to be in the neighbourhood of Lower Mosley Street, with time heavy on their hands, should look in there. They will find good accommodation, and plenty of harmless recreation.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head, gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.



## MRS. HENPECK'S HUMOURS.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

## No. III.—AN EARLY TIFF.

CLAUDE, dear, is it not a pity there should be this unpleasantness between us? Come, let me put your hair straight. You need not move, I daresay you are tired. Put your foot up on the sofa, it will not matter for once, and I will sit here. As I was saying, I am sorry that there was any— *There will be no more?* That is right. I am sure it is very uncomfortable for us all; but it will not happen again. *It shall not, if you can help it!* There, that is so good of you. Shall I call mamma down, and tell her so? *No!* Well, then, I won't call her down, and you shall tell her yourself. I am sure she is of a very forgiving disposition. I know she would consent to let it all pass over, as if nothing had happened. What is that? *You don't want to hurt my feelings?* But how can I help my feelings being hurt when— Well, of course, you don't want to hurt my feelings, but— What? *Will I let you speak?* Yes, of course I will let you speak. There it is again, "you don't want to hurt my feelings." I know there is something dreadful coming. I thought you were so fond of my moth— Oh, Claude, this is dreadful. I never heard such language in my life. If you are going to talk like that, I shall go away. I remember when you would no more have thought of swearing at her than you would at Me. *It was different then?* How was it different? Is she not still my mother? Now, you groan and laugh as if I had said something absurd. *So I have?* Well, it is a pity that you did not find out my absurdity sooner; but I cannot help loving my own moth— Claude! this is the second time. *Consider the provocation?* I am sure that I have done nothing to provoke you, and if there was a little altercation this morning I am sure it can be avoided or the future. But you must bear in mind that my mamma has some spirit in her, and though she has now gone to pack her trunks— *She has not done anything of the kind?* Well, I hope she won't, for after all it is nothing, and a word from you, although you, of course, are the master— Now, I did not expect a wicked word like that. *You can't think of any other?* Fie! for shame, this is not the way you used to speak. She must have nearly finished packing by this time. *She is not packing?* Well, I hope she is not, and I am sure if it depends upon you— *She is probably listening at the door?* Well, really, this is past bearing. I cannot stay here and listen to my mother— *It is she who is listening?* I shall begin to think that you have hitherto concealed your temper, and—I must—say—you—are—very—unkind. *It is no use making a fuss!* First you—abuse—my—mother—and—then—you—are—cross—to—me—and then you—say—I am making a—fuss. *I am making a fuss?* And if I am making a fuss, it is your fault; but my moth— *You will never sleep under the same roof with that woman again?* Very well, I see that we had better part. Perhaps you would like to call Me a woman. *I am a silly little woman?* I daresay, but I am not to be taken in, in that way. Why did you ever come near me? Why did you marry me? *You didn't marry the whole family?* I am sure I don't know what you mean by the whole family, but if you expected that I was going to be estranged from my moth— *I can go and see her when she is gone?* It is not that, but it is the unkindness she feels, and I can feel it too. Now, do let me ask her to forgive you. *She can forgive you after she is gone if she likes?* Oh, Claude, do not be so un-Christian. Only think that you might never see her again in this world. *You hope you won't?* What a dreadful speech. Ah! there is somebody knocking at the door, I—

Tableau.

[I believe some such conversation as this arose in connection with my mother-in-law's first visit to us. The old lady did not mean to go, though she had threatened; nor did she go, as I was talked over on that occasion. The discovery was precipitated by an artful "knock," which I made on the leg of the table. I noticed that after that my Emma was but lukewarm in defence of Mrs. Motherington, of which fact I often felt the advantage.—C. H.]

## A FEW QUESTIONS FOR THE BISHOP.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, in the *Examiner* of Monday, whether the Bishop is aware that a cup of coffee and buttered-toast cost one shilling at Victoria Station. He suggests a series of questions, though we cannot see what good can come of asking them.

Does the Bishop know, for instance, what a nice, comfortable, cheering place the refreshment-room at Victoria Station is?

Could he find his way into the second-class refreshment-room, and supposing he did, what would his opinion of the place be?

Does he know how many hours a day the refreshment-room is open?

Is he aware that the Saturday half holiday seems to be put into operation every day in this room, and that when a man most requires a drink he is sure to find the establishment closed?

Did he ever hear the exclamation of a thirsty and hungry traveller on rushing to the door on a Sunday, and finding it barred?

Does he know the average cost of sandwiches in the city?

Is he aware that his housekeeper could make a hamperful of sandwiches for the cost of a dozen in a restaurant or hotel?

Does he know that if a man wants, say, three glasses of beer, he can save something by taking an omnibus into Salford, and getting his liquor there?

Does he know that a cup of coffee at the Albion costs sixpence, when he can get as good a one at the Prince's for fourpence?

Does he know that he can get a large cup of coffee and a bun at the top of Lower Mosley Street for twopence? There is a difference in quality, of course, but then there is more of it, and consider the difference in cost!

Does he know that at the Bush, and other similar hotels, "smalls" are not made after one o'clock, and that many a regular drinker runs a daily danger of bursting a blood-vessel in his efforts to complete his round of hotels for "smalls" before that hour?

Does he know that he can't get a glass of beer at the Albion after one p.m.—that he must have a pint, or pay sixpence for a glass? He may, however, take a friend with him, and call for a tankard of beer and two tumblers, and he will be served.

Does he know on what day Mrs. Sailes serves up her incomparable mince collops?

Does he know a restaurant in town where a Yorkshire pudding, palatable to a Yorkshireman, can be had?

Does he know that he can get a sausage and potatoes—with mustard, pepper, and salt gratis (and a very good dish it is, too)—at Cooke's at night for fourpence?

Is he aware that at many other places in the city a shilling is charged for the same dish?

Does he ever drop into the Stock Exchange for a tripe supper?

Is he aware of the difference in cost between a dish of tripe in Salford (Chapel Street, say) and in the city?

Has he any opinion as to the hour at which "smalls" should be stopped and "full ones" commenced.

Has he ever calculated the profit of a hotel-keeper, from the fact that a glass of beer can be had in a district club for three-halfpence?

FINE ARTS.—Mr. M. S. Nathan, a gentleman from London, announces that he has on view at the Albion Hotel, Piccadilly, a number of original pictures of peculiar merit. The list includes the names of T. S. Cooper, R.A., and E. G. Verboeckhoven, the one being a rising English, and the latter an eminent painter of cattle. "Punch in the Country," by C. J. Lewis, is a well-known picture, replete with touches of rustic humour; and Mr. Peter Graham's "Bridle-path," besides having been exhibited at Trafalgar Square, and in the Institute at Birmingham, is also familiar from having been engraved by the *Graphic* and *Art Journal*. The treatment of the fir-trees in this picture is as unique as it is true to nature.

**WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.**—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

## A "WORLD"-LY VIEW OF JOHN BRIGHT.

\* THE *World* is down upon Mr. John Bright in the following terms:—

"Mr. Bright has now arrived at that stage of his career as patriot, statesman, and orator, at which, while it is always certain that he will say something violent, it may be predicted with equal confidence that he will say nothing new. For some years he may be regarded as having entered upon that anecdotal period of existence which is the invariable accompaniment of political senility, and which is the most familiar phase of garrulous decrepitude. He reiterates past triumphs, real or imaginary; he recounts again and again the well-known lists of the slain; he is anxiously consulted by his admiring constituents, and he can do nothing more in the way of reply than conjure up before them the vague proportions of vanished heroes, and dwell upon dimly-remembered achievements of which he was himself the mightiest part."

These are, after all, mere words, and mere words might describe the *World* newspaper as follows:—"The *World* has never arrived at any stage of its career as a journal, publication, or advertising medium, at which it can be regarded as anything but a catch-penny print. From the first it may be regarded as having entered upon that precarious form of newspaper existence which is the invariable accompaniment of unprincipled scurrility, and which is the most familiar result of garrulous imbecility. It searches out scandals, real or imaginary; it has recourse again and again to the garbage heap, which has a sweet odour for depraved nostrils; it is anxiously consulted by scandal-lovers as unprincipled in itself, and it can do nothing more to satisfy its clients than conjure up before them the vile proportions of vulgar incident, and deftly-recorded achievements of which the description is usually the naughtiest part." Look upon this picture, and on this! They are both words, mere words!

## CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

A MEETING of the Auxiliary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews suggests a few remarks. The chairman, the Rev. A. Thompson, in the course of his observations, afforded us our text. He said that "he had learned to regard the Jews with esteem, for he had had an opportunity in former years of living among the Jews. He had lived in the house of an unconverted Jew, a Rabbi, for a considerable time, and his friendship remained unbroken until the death of his Jewish friend. He had seen their private domestic life, and he could bear testimony to their many excellencies; but still they lacked the truth which could make them free." Now, the question of the conversion of the Jews raises a serious dilemma from which no thinking man can escape. If we want to convert the Jews at all, it is clearly for the good of their souls. It is because we believe that, unless converted, they are all on the road to perdition. On the other hand, there is no doubt that, as a body, the Jews lead purer, more religious, and more charitable lives than do we Christians. The Jewish places of worship are thronged with men.

The Christian churches are relegated almost entirely to women. The Jewish people support their own poor through the simple agency of common charity. The Christian destitute are handed over to the tender mercies of officials paid by compulsory and recalcitrant contributions. There are no dissenters, no squabblers, no revilers, no disobedient servants among the Jewish ministers. Christianity opens its arms to these and more incongruous elements. Taking all this into account, the only sensible reason that could be alleged for zeal in the matter of converting the Jew would be that no unconverted Jew could, under any circumstances, be saved. If we are not prepared to go as far as this, our labour is absurd. But who amongst us will go as far as this? Are we to suppose that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* (who were mentioned at the meeting) are all going to destruction, while all the staff of that paper who are Christians, from the editor down to the printer's devil, have the opportunity of salvation? There seems to be no escape from the dilemma thus indicated and illustrated. Either no Jew, however godly and charitable, can be saved, or else it is waste of time to try to convert the Jews. These doctrines will be called Erastian, or will be stigmatised by some other hard name, but we fail to see any logical flaw in them. Moreover, might not the time and money wasted on the effort to convert Jews be more advantageously employed on soil which it is the fashion to call Christian?

## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 4).

1. S N O B
2. C L O T H O
3. H A
4. O Y S T E R
5. O D D
6. L A S S

NOTE.—(2) The three fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

ANSWER TO ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—John Dory. (1) Ind; (2) Ohio; (3) Honour; (4) Navy.

Correct solutions of No. 4 from Ivy, Day, Always Right.

C. H.—The anagram is hardly clear enough.

N.B.—Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be posted or sent not later than Tuesday night.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

J. E. D.—It is not our business to give the names of the German firms which have dismissed so many of their clerks.

C. W.—Man belongs to the vegetable kingdom as well as the brutes.

An Admirer of Talent.—You ought to be free from self-admiration, at all events.

C. M. F.—It is no use "wishing to be a flower" as long as you will make an ass of yourself.

Q. R.—You might have sent your real initials. As it is, Q. R. must be taken to stand for "queer rubbish."

Received.—"H. M.," "Christmas Anticipations;" "F. C.," "Random Essays."

Declined, with Thanks.—"The Somnolent Guardian."

## Can Economy of Fuel be combined with the Perfect Combustion or Prevention of Smoke?

WE reply yes, by combining two systems, not otherwise. After five years' experience, with continual trials, our PATENT MECHANICAL STOKER, of which there are 1250 at work, has proved itself economical; and since the prevention of smoke has become of importance, we have introduced by far the most simple, durable, and easily-worked self-cleaning bars in existence.

For £65 we supply these bars, with hopper to put the coal in, forming a perfectly simple and smoke-preventing self-acting furnace.

But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

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(Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc.—states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown on her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. S.—S.— writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and for weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with DR. HEYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.—Beeland House, Torre, Torquay.

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TRUSSES.—Dr. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age affecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 25 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

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 GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE  
 GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN  
 GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS  
 GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS  
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